

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 11

Master 'tis Good to be Here

Master 'tis good to be here
For the weary world grows old,
And oft' my heart is drear'
With sorrow dark and cold.

Master 'tis good to be here
Where the lamp burns bright and free.
And I feel Thy presence near,
Like a clock to shelter me.

Master 'tis good to be here,
When the light of day grows dim,
And my soul o'erwhelmed with fear
Draws nigh to enter in.

Master 'tis good to be here,
To feel Thy sweet caress.
To lay my weakness bare,
My woes, my bitterness.

Master twere good to be here.
When my weary life is fled,
That safe within Thy care,
I rest with Thine own dead.

—Bro. Reginald, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

WITH THE MARTYRS IN THE CATACOMBS

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. SS. R.

"Uncle Tim, what did you like best of all about Rome?" asked Cecilia, as the children gathered around Father Casey to hear more of his trip abroad.

"What did I like best of all about Rome?" replied the priest. "Why, naturally, that which makes Rome, Rome,—that which makes it the greatest city in the world."

"What is that?" they all asked at once.

"Our holy Father, the Pope, the successor of St. Peter, the man empowered from on high to rule and guide the Church of God."

"Sure, we know that," said Terence. "But besides the Pope, what did you like best about Rome?"

"Children, I liked Rome—the crowded, care-free, bewitching Rome that stands out with all its beauty displayed in the strong clear light of the Italian sun. But I liked far more the Rome beneath the ground, its streets in perpetual darkness, its homes in unbroken silence—Roma Sotterranea—Subterranean Rome."

"Is there another city of Rome under the ground? Who built it? How did it get there?"

"Yes" replied the priest, "there is another city of Rome under the ground—far greater in extent than the Rome above the ground. It was not built, but dug—"

"Oh, I know!" interrupted Cecilia, "You mean the catacombs"

"Big holes in the ground," broke in Terence anxious to show his knowledge, "where the Christians used to hide during the persecutions and say Mass and everything."

"When de Christians was all at Mass down in dat big hole couldn't the bad men come an' frow rocks at 'em?" asked little Michael excitedly.

"The mouth of the hole was closed up," explained Terence, "and nobody but a Christian could find it."

"The fact of the matter is," said Father Casey, "that the Christians did not dig the catacombs simply in order to have a place to hear Mass

during the persecutions—that opinion was once held, but learned men who have examined the catacombs found that it is a false opinion.”

“How do they know that it isn’t true?” demanded Terence.

“From the simple fact that there is no place in the catacombs large enough to be used by big bodies of Christians to hear Mass.”

“Well, where did they hear Mass?” urged Terence, “they dassent build a church above the ground ’cause the pagans would tear it down and take all the people that were at Mass and feed them to the lions in the Coliseum.”

“During the persecutions,” the priest explained, “they heard Mass generally in the large houses or palaces of wealthy Roman Christians.”

“When the pagans saw big crowds going into these houses on Sunday, wouldn’t they get suspicious?”

“When you remember that a wealthy Roman would have hundreds of persons in his house—slaves and attendants and relatives and all that—you will understand that a large number of people could go in and out without attracting particular attention.”

“What did they want the catacombs for if they did not go there for Mass?” queried Cecilia.

“They dug the catacombs as burial places for their dead. It is true they would have anniversary Masses and special services at the grave, but only the family and a few friends would be present. You see the catacombs are simply long galleries about six feet high and three feet wide. In the walls of these galleries they dug holes called ‘loculi’—one above the other, each large enough to hold a corpse. After the corpse was put into one of these holes or ‘loculi’, they would close the opening with a marble slab or large flat brick set in mortar. Upon these they would chisel the name of the dead person. If it was the grave of one who had died for the faith, they would often chisel upon the enclosing slab the word, ‘Martyr’.”

“Were there many people buried in the catacombs?”

“There were, indeed,—thousands upon thousands. In fact most of the Christians who died in Rome during the first, second, third and fourth centuries were buried in the catacombs. How many there were, we can form no idea—we cannot even make a reasonable guess.”

“Why doesn’t somebody walk through all the galleries of the catacombs and count the graves?”

“We must first find these galleries before we can walk through them. You see, children, the catacombs caved in in many places, the

openings were filled up with earth, and for hundreds of years nobody knew where the catacombs were. Only lately they have begun to look for them. They found some entrances,—they took out some of the earth which had caved in,—they propped up the roof so that it is safe to enter, and thus they have made it possible to examine many miles of these galleries. But there are still miles, hundreds of miles, which have not yet been explored. I once heard of a party of students who turned into some of the unexplored catacombs, lost their way and were never heard of again."

"If the catacombs were so big and they were burying so many of the Christians there all the time, it's a wonder the pagans didn't find it out," mused Cecilia.

"The pagans knew it. There was no secret about the fact that the catacombs were burial places, though, most probably it was not known that they were exclusively Christian burial places. The old Roman Law was very strict about protecting the sacredness of burial places and this very law helped to keep intruders out of the catacombs. Then, too, it was customary for a group of Romans to get together and form a burial society sanctioned by the law. Very likely the Christians in Rome during the persecutions formed such burial societies, without of course letting the government know that they were Christians. As burial societies they could secure a legal title to the catacombs which they used as cemeteries and they could demand that no one be allowed to intrude on the funeral rites held there."

"When they dug all them catacombs under Rome, weren't they afraid some of the big marble houses would cave in?" asked Terence.

"The catacombs," explained Father Casey, "are not under Rome itself. The old Roman Law forbade burying anybody inside the walls. That is why the old military roads leading out of the city,—like the Via Appia, the Via Nomentana, etc., were lined for miles with pagan tombs. The catacombs were located mostly in a great circle around Rome between the first and third milestones. In that locality there is a very soft kind of rock called tufa. In this tufa rock it was quite easy to dig the galleries and the holes or 'loculi' in the walls of the galleries, where the bodies of the dead were laid away. At the same time the tufa rock was firm enough so that it did not readily crumble or cave in. As a rule they would dig straight down until they struck the first layer of tufa rock, and there they would excavate the galleries branching out in all directions. After this space was filled they would dig down deeper

and commence another series of galleries. Thus in some catacombs there are as many as five sets of galleries, one below the other. From what I have said you will see that the galleries nearest the surface will be the oldest, while those deeper down may be one or two hundred years more recent."

"What did they want to burrow under the ground and bury people like that for?" asked Terence.

"The early Christians, like all good Christians of today, loved to visit the graves of their dead in order to pray *to* those who were already in heaven, and to pray *for* those who were still in purgatory. Those who had shed their blood for the faith were, the Christians knew, already enjoying the vision of God. Therefore on the marble slab which closed the grave of the martyr they carved only petitions that the martyr pray for those left behind. On the slab which closed the grave of an ordinary Christian, they carved petitions that those left behind pray for the departed one. In pagan Rome, even though they might have been authorized by law to bury their dead above the ground, they surely could not have gone to pray or to hold divine services at the graves. Hence they preferred the secrecy and the seclusion of the catacombs. There they could pray without fear of observation or intrusion. There, even at times when to be known as a Christian meant death, they could boldly inscribe on the tombs of their departed such open profession of faith as "Vivas in Christo"—May you live in Christ. Then, too, the Christians in order to lead a pure clean life, adopted in everything customs as far as possible different from those of the corrupt pagan society in which they lived. At that time the pagans of Rome, who had no well grounded hope of a future life, preferred to burn the bodies of their dead, gather the ashes into an urn, and place the urn in a columbarium. A columbarium was a structure generally built of the richest marble. The little holes in which the urns were placed made it look like a dovehouse. That is why they called it a 'columbarium', which is Latin for dovehouse. The Christians, on the contrary, had too much respect for the bodies of their dead to burn them. Their faith in the doctrine of resurrection—the doctrine which tells us that God will raise us up again on the last day in the very bodies we now possess—made them carefully and reverently lay away the bodies of their dead in the catacombs, which they called 'cemeteries'. 'Cemetery' comes from the Greek word meaning dormitory, sleeping room. Thus the Christians made professions of their belief that the bodies of their dead were not

hopelessly destroyed, but rather that they were sleeping a temporary sleep, from which Jesus Christ would awaken them on the last day."

"There is still another reason," continued the priest, "why the Christians chose the catacombs as burial places. In those days they were genuine Christians,—followers of Christ. They loved Christ with an intense love. Reverently and affectionately they studied His blessed life in its every detail and in their own humble way they tried to imitate Him as closely as they could. Thus they learned that His dead body had been laid in a sepulchre hollowed out of the solid rock and closed with a stone. They preferred the catacombs because there they could be buried in the same manner as Christ, their divine Master. After having been laid away in death like Christ, they hoped to rise with him in eternal glory."

"Oh, how I should love to visit the catacombs!" cried Cecilia. "I imagine I could just stay in them forever!"

"What was wrong with them people over there that they let the entrance to the catacombs cave in and get stopped up and even lost track of where they were?" demanded Terence indignantly.

"My boy," returned Father Casey, "if you will recall what you read in your history about the people of Rome you will understand that they had troubles of their own and you will not judge them too harshly. They loved the catacombs because of the holy martyrs buried there. In the year 312, Emperor Constantine gained his great victory at the Milvian Bridge, entered Rome a conqueror, put an end to the persecutions and assured liberty to the Christian religion. Immediately the Christians gave proof of their love for the catacombs. They set to work at once to build magnificent basilicas over the tombs of the martyrs. Such for instance were the basilicas of St. Paul, St. Lawrence, St. Sebastian, St. Pancratius, all of which were built some distance outside the city over the very spot where these martyrs lay buried in the catacombs. In fact they were built in such a way that the sanctuary was immediately over the tomb of the martyr whence a rich marble staircase descended to his tomb. This arrangement is found in all the old Roman basilicas, and is called the 'confessio'. The Church had not long enjoyed her new found peace before there came the flood of barbarian invasions which swept over Rome, wave after wave. You can well imagine what happened to the treasures of art, to the gold and silver and precious stones in the unprotected churches outside the walls. The catacombs were seriously damaged, the fields were laid waste, and

the region around Rome, called the Campagna Romana, became an uninhabited and unhealthy desert. It was unsafe to venture out to the catacombs to venerate there the relics of the martyrs. Accordingly churches were built inside the walls dedicated to the martyrs, and their remains were taken from the catacombs and deposited in the safety of these churches where they could be more easily visited and venerated by the faithful. From that time the catacombs began to be neglected and they gradually fell into ruin until for the most part their very location was forgotten. It is only in recent years that they have been found and partially explored and that the faithful have resumed the habit of visiting them in order to arouse their faith and piety amid the tombs of our heroic ancestors in the faith."

"Mike, Mike," shouted Terence, giving his brother a violent shaking, "wake up! Uncle Tim is through talking about the catacombs."

KILLED

Yes killed,—and would to heaven it were for good, so that it might never stir again. It was seen lying before the eyes of a hundred men, who could not be mistaken; it was dead as a door-nail,—torn to shreds: it is,—the aged, bearded, excuse that shuffles around in so many Catholic circles when men are called upon to come forward and do something in support and defense of their Church. Its name is: TOO BUSY.

It was killed at the convention of the National Council of Catholic Men, when Admiral Benson, the busiest man perhaps in the country, accepted the office of National President. One of the delegates says:

"Mr. Benson is not a newcomer into the organization or a novice at the work, but he has been for the past several months, actively engaged in helping to organize parish councils in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and at present is president of his parish council, and also president of the council of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. This real activity of one of America's busiest men should be an example to other Catholic men, who sometimes think they are too busy to give a little time to Church work."

Action does not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without it.—*Disraeli.*

St. Alphonsus Liguori

KNIGHT OF MARY IMMACULATE

F. J. ROMER, C. SS. R.

The year 1750 found the extraordinary mission of St. Alphonsus half accomplished. For a quarter of a century he had personally led the forces in the conquest of souls; and great were the victories won. Above all, his congregation of missionaries, approved the previous year, was now on a firm footing, and equipped to perpetuate the struggle, all of which the saint unhesitatingly attributed to his beloved Mother, Mary,

He was only fifty-four, but broken in health by his toils and penances. Active missionary work was almost over for him; indeed he was already thinking of the end. And yet a tremendous task still lay before him, a task that was to make another epoch in his life; a task that was to engage him the next quarter of a century; his apostolate of the press was about to begin in good earnest.

How ripe he was for such a mission! What experience did he not possess! What practical need of souls was there that he had not perceived! And especially, what ravages had he not witnessed by the Church's and people's bitterest foes, Voltairianism and Jansenism! Against these he now concentrates all his energies; and he will meet them with their weapons, the pen and the press.

And again he begins with Mary. He opens his campaign with his "Glories of Mary." This work though conceived in 1734, did not appear till 1750, owing to the saint's many labors and to the study which the book involved. In the meantime, Alphonsus had published the "Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament", to which he added Visits to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, alleging as his motive the old truth that all graces come to us through Mary. But what probably hastened the appearance of the *Glories of Mary* was a publication of the work by the celebrated Muratori, entitled "Well-Regulated Devotion". Alphonsus and posterity give Muratori credit for remarkable abilities and services to the Church, but he was unfortunately tainted with Jansenism. At least, regarding honors due to Mary he showed weak condescensions and this is S. Alphonsus' complaint against him. The *Glories of Mary* makes express intention of refuting Muratori's teach-

ing. In 1775 "Muratori Come to Life Again" was sent back to the grave by a vigorous reply of S. Alphonsus on his favorite theme, all graces through Mary. Later S. Alphonsus published the treatise on his favorite dogma—if I may so call it—the Immaculate Conception. And as late as 1775 "for the honor and love of that glorious Queen to whom, ever since my childhood, I have vowed a special devotion" he took up his pen to send "A Reply to the Abbe Rolli" who had criticized the Litany of Loretto, and revived Muratori's principles.

But besides these works expressly treating of Mary, all his other writings are filled with loving references to the Mother of God. Scarcely an article is begun or finished without an invocation of Mary. Particularly true is this of his ascetical works. Indeed, so interwoven is Mary with his whole being, that even a *Deo Gratias* is not complete without adding *Et Mariae*, and *Laudetur Jesus* never escapes his lips without the words *Et Maria semper Virgo*. Such was Mary's share in Alphonsus' apostolate of the press. From the first instant of his inception of this mighty task, till the pen fell from his feeble old hand, Mary was his guiding star, his Lady, whose honor was his life.

IV.

And now as regards his doctrine. The distinctive features of St. Alphonsus' doctrinal method appear in strong in his Mariology. In the introduction to the *Glories of Mary* he declares, "I have endeavored to collect from as many authors as I could find, the choicest passages, extracted from the Fathers and theologians, and those which seemed to me to be the most to the point, and have put them together in this book, that the devout may be able with little trouble and expense to kindle in their hearts the love of Mary."

St. Alphonsus had his own doctrinal method. Rationalism, the spirit of his time, was striving to break the chains of authority and of the past, and sought to be led by the dictates of pure reason. St. Alphonsus worked against this spirit by working, to a certain extent, with it. He read the signs of the times, and yielded to the clamors of the people, who now proclaimed themselves capable of doing their own thinking. He gave them food for thought, but with true conservatism he guided their thought along the traditional lines.

So it is in all his writings; so it is on his doctrine on Mary. There is no attempt at elaborating new opinions or theories, but there

is here a simple exposition of what the Church has always held. He gathers up the threads of the past, runs them through the loom of his own wonderful mind, and they come forth a beau-mantle for his Queen which unfolds at once all the charms and grandeur of Tradition. Who, after reading this glowing work will dare assert that the Fathers wrote little about Mary? St. Alphonsus has unearthed a mine of treasures stored up from the earliest days of Christianity. He voices the sentiment of ages against the new-born cry of Jansenism. In the words of Father Stocchi, the "Glories of Mary" is a mosaic, composed of all that is beautiful in the Doctors and the Fathers, and wrought in the loving heart of Alphonsus, who while changing not his materials gives them a form all his own.

The second quality of Alphonsus' Mariology is its leaning towards positive doctrines. Not that the saint confines himself to dogmas regarding Mary. Indeed in no dogmatic work does he recede so far from the teaching of positive theology—but as he himself says, he confines himself to those things which seemed to him "most to the point", that is of greater importance to the honor and dignity of Mary.

And we know the two principles on which he built his teaching. The first, that whatever gift God has bestowed on any creature, He has granted to the Blessed Virgin Mary, is practically an axiom. By the second, which we may call his own, that "if any opinion exists that is in any way honorable to Mary, that is based on solid reason and is opposed neither to Faith, nor to the decrees of the Church, nor to natural truth, it ought to be admitted by all".

"These two principles," continues the *Causa Doctoratus*, "shine like a double light on every page, illumining the whole treatise and each of its parts. On them is built the beautiful fabric that none has ever dared to tear down, and that has raised Mary to her proper position in Creation and Redemption. This work combines simplicity with variety and depth of doctrine, and accommodates itself to the different capacities of men in so happy a manner, that the unlearned are nourished with the milk of truth, students receive more solid food, and sages are replenished with the meat of deepest doctrine."

And here we must note a remarkable feature of the Saint's Dogmatic teaching. We have entitled him "Knight of Mary Immaculate". Such was he most truly. It was still a century before the definition of the grand and singular prerogative of Mary's Immaculate Conception. Yet Alphonsus clings to it with such conviction as to declare the

Church could not define the contrary. Again he says, "Although Faith does not oblige us to accept this privilege of the Blessed Virgin as a revealed truth, still the only thing wanting is the formal declaration of the Church."

But the practical bent of St. Alphonsus' genius is most apparent in his doctrine on Mary. Here again the Doctor Zelantissimus comes to the fore. His main motive in writing on Mary is to secure the salvation of souls. Alphonsus is ever the fisher of souls, and everything must tend to that end. Hence, filled with the strong conviction that all graces come to us through Mary, he leaves nothing undone to beget a like conviction in the rest of men. This principle is the touchstone of all his zeal for Mary, it is the key to the salvation of souls; and in his time it was the point of fiercest attack by Jansenism. St. Alphonsus proclaimed it, defended it in season and out of season.

But the fact that all graces come through her is merely an evidence of Mary's unlimited power; what will that avail unless she is also merciful? To prove Mary's mercy is St. Alphonsus' supreme endeavor. Mary's power and mercy are the theme of all his writings, "leaving to others the task of exalting the other prerogatives of Mary, I confine myself for the most part, to those of her mercy and powerful intercession." And how does he undertake to illustrate this wondrous mercy of Mary? By taking as his topic the touching anthem, the official prayer of our Holy Mother, the Church, which none would dare to impugn, though an object of loathing to the Jansenists—the *Salve Regina*—and about it grouping all his doctrines. "In it," he says, "are Mary's mercy and power wonderfully described, and consequently I have only to comment on it."

That his spirit lives we cannot doubt; it is embodied in all his glowing words, it breathes in the "Glories of Mary". "This important work of St. Alphonsus," says Cardinal Villecourt, "can be justly called an eternal monument to his tender and ardent devotion to the glorious Queen of Heaven." Translated into every language, the "Glories of Mary" proclaims throughout the world the praises of her, who is pleased to be hailed as Queen and Mother of Mercy. This precious volume has already converted and sanctified thousands of souls, and we cherish the cheering confidence that it will continue, like all other works of our saint, to win numberless souls to Jesus and Mary."

The End.

With the Reds in Russia

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FAITH

TRANSLATED BY T. Z. AUSTIN, C. SS. R.

There is working at present in Galicia, a band of Redemptorists, who with the Pope's permission have adopted the Ruthenian Rite. Under the leadership of the Rev. J. Schryvers, C. Ss. R., they are doing missionary work among the Catholics of that rite. Being on the very border of the land of the original Bolsheviks, he is able to give first-hand information about the state of Russia. His is the missionary's view-point; the prospects of the Church in the wake of the Bolsheviks is what interests him, as it interests every loyal child of the Church.

What he has seen and observed, and what he concludes from it, he describes in the following letter from the missionary frontier.

"It should astonish no one when I say that the time has come to think of, and to work for the conversion of Russia. Czarism—the persecutor and the enemy of Rome, is no more; there are 150 millions of Russians who ought to return from schism—or as they call it—orthodoxy. This immense country—closed for three centuries to the Catholic Religion, is now open to it. Bolshevism grows—but our apostolate has no concern with it.

BOLSHEVISTS AND RELIGION.

"What then is the attitude of the Bolsheviks toward Religion? Personally, they are enemies of all religion; many are the bishops and priests, both orthodox and Catholic, whom they have put to death, and that with refinements of barbarism. But if the distinction were not fatal, one would be almost forced to say that they were persecuted, rather as anti-revolutionaries than as priests. If the Soviets at times attack the priests and bishops, it is because they consider them as belonging to the "Bourgeois". Many of the Bolsheviks frequent the churches regularly and believe themselves orthodox, even while they give themselves to the worst excesses, and on more than one occasion the Red Police have even ensured order at processions, and doffed their hats when the Crucifix was carried by. The Russian soul adapts itself readily to these contradictions which shock the logic of the Western peoples. The Bolsheviks never dare, or never wish to attack the

Orthodox Church directly, and they even restored to it things which Peter the Great had robbed from them—freedom in its internal organization and in its elections. A great *sobor*, or council, of the Orthodox Church was thus able to convene at Moscow, and give to the Church a head. Three names were submitted, that of Msgr. Tikhone, the Metropolitan of Moscow, received the vote. Since then, he freely exercises his office, appears in the streets without being molested; and perhaps the same condition prevails in other towns of Russia.

"A great problem—of a moral and religious nature, faces the Orient. Today we see only the first phase, and it would be rash to draw any conclusions. One thing, however, we can foresee: the Russian Church, the expression of the most vital branch of the separated Churches of the Orient, shaken to its very foundations by the political and social revolutions of Russia, is entering upon new ways.

ROME AND MOSCOW.

"Whatever regime will finally establish itself in Russia, it will almost certainly allow religious liberty, and liberty has at all time been favorable to the expansion of Catholicism. We are entitled to say that many of the obstacles between Rome and Moscow have disappeared. If ever the reunion is achieved, it will be under the form of a Uniate Church—with its own liturgical forms and traditions—some of which are venerable for antiquity and come down from the first ages of the Christian Church. The Latin Rite is to the Russian, the Polish Rite, and unfortunately, the time has not yet come when the great historical struggle of the Slav peoples shall have vanished in mutual accord. For the time being, Catholicism need not appear to the Orthodox Russia as a Polish importation.

A CROSS SECTION.

"The Russian peasant is not strongly attached to his priests. How can these give their parishioners the maximum of their devotion, when they are burdened with the care of their own families and their property to be kept in good condition? At least, so it was once upon a time. Now the revolution has swept over the land, and the poor pope, (orthodox priest), lives in poverty, since the government no longer grants him an allowance. The priesthood being simply a department of the system of functionaries, it diminishes and will continue to diminish, because the pay is stopped. The Moujik gives himself up to the first comer, for he holds to his cult with that species of fatalism peculiar to

the Slav race. And is it not sad to see the Churches pass into the hands of Protestants, who do not fail to introduce themselves into this vast country with their dollars and pounds sterling?

"Some Orthodox (Schismatic) priests, men of loyalty and good will, are solicitous about this situation. In a secret reunion held by nineteen of these, toward the end of the Romanoff regime, they vowed to introduce Catholic priests.

"Without its being known, this resolution was put into practice by the people. Whole villages sent deputations to the Uniate (Catholic) priests of Galicia, asking them to take up residence among them.

"Eminent men, whose past estranged them from the Church of Rome, recognize the change that has set in and that the Schismatic church, thus violently shaken by recent events, is crumbling into ruins. After Kerensky's revolution, one of the most influential men of the new Russia, a guiding spirit in the intellectual and religious movement among the Schismatics, had the stoutness and the courage to declare in Petrograd itself, to a Uniate (Catholic) prelate: "I congratulate you on the magnificent future which is opened up to the Catholic Church by the fall of Czarism". And four years later, at Rome, another person equally prominent by his position among the orthodox, went even further in his avowals, which were perhaps the expression of his hopes, when he confided to the same Bishop: "Now is the time to work for the Union of the Churches".

THE ROAD TO UNITY.

"And this Unity, the dream of the Popes for centuries, is not a Utopia. The mentality of the people is such that it allows us to figure on conversions en masse. The Russian acts and moves by being carried with his surroundings. Is not this the explanation of the spread of Bolshevism in their land? It is not the individual, but the group, that changes religion there. So much is proved: a Uniate (Catholic) priest comes to one of these villages where there is no pope (orthodox priest). With all his authority he affirms that his word is truth, that what they have been taught was error, that the religion of Rome in submission to the Pope, is the divinely instituted way of salvation. And, as a group, all the assistants adhere to the formula of profession of faith. But the danger that lies in this condition when utilized by sectarians, who for a long time already enjoy liberty of propaganda, is easily seen.

"Pity fills our hearts when we consider the moral distress of this people, and sadness likewise, at the thought that they are so near to submission to the true Church, and no one seems to be interested in them. Indeed, the people at large, simple and ignorant, have not the spirit of schism. It is the theologian and the popes (orthodox priests) who cherish it. For instance: the orthodox (schismatics) deny the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; but this dogma is proclaimed almost in express terms by their liturgical books which again and again declare: "Thou art most holy, most pure, most Immaculate Mother of God". The people with their liturgy—for the popes preach little or never—the people, I say, believe what the books of their sacred services teach. They will not refuse to accept doctrines which they already believe implicitly.

"The theologians deny the existence of Purgatory. What is the practice of the people, however? Why, everybody has masses said and divine office chanted for the dead. During the occupation of the Russians at Uniow, the officers, all schismatics, brought to the Catholic priests offerings, to have them say the office of the dead for their comrades who fell in battle.

"The people have the Catholic doctrine in their liturgy. Let some popes try to change it, and 300,000 men will rise up against them to form a sect—as has been done.

RIPE FOR THE HARVEST.

"What a field for the Apostolate is open here! The fertile furrows wait the sowers' seed. Those must come from the West. It is there that we find the source of fecundity: religious, nuns, brothers, educational institutions, hospitals, words and example. The breath of charity and zeal of those at home will pass over the sleep of these souls to rouse them in the true faith. Bring to us here on the Russian border, just a meed of the devotion and energy used in the Belgian Congo, for instance, where it took generations to establish the Christian Religion and you shall see. Here Christianity is already planted in their hearts; it remains only to make it strike deeper root.

"Pere Gratry wrote: 'In every soul Jesus Christ suffers and hopes.' Who will be generous enough to bring his personal sacrifices or his generous cooperation to soothe the immensities of hope and suffering in so many millions of souls? Before this expanding vision of good to be done, the missionary feels the tears of joy and hope mount to his eyes."

Lucy's Choice

CRYSTAL GLOBES AND A WOUNDED HEART

ALPHONSE ZELLER, C. SS. R.

In certain parts of the parish there was a disturbed state of mind. As this disturbance began to steal into their consciences, it gradually became more insistent on publicity. For their consciences were sacred and an injury to that sanctum could not be treated lightly. From their whispered words and lifted eyebrows and warning gestures one would gather that they were shocked or scandalized or horrified. As with many other storm-clouds of a similar nature, these clouds too were gathering over a young man and a young woman. Oh Youth, were it not for you how dull and drab would be the daily round of the gossips. In the abstract, youth is the glorious springtime of life, illumined by the rosy dawn of success, cheered by the merry song and dance, sweetened by the warm throbs of love; in the concrete, Youth is a person who, if she has tasted all these, must surely be in trouble.

Well, Lucy Sadd was young and in trouble, trouble from without and trouble from within. Her trouble from without came from the fact that she was going with him too long. The irrefragables, who held their titles to censor and judge from their attendance at all church services and many voluntary exhibitions of piety, as well as the frivolous cynics of airy heedlessness, were agreed that it was about time Lucy was getting married. If Lucy was a plainer girl, less attractive and vivacious, her dallying could be shielded by a thousand pretexts. But a girl of her attractions naturally awakened dark suspicions in older minds and envious rejoicing in younger ones. Well, what was the matter? There was no obstacle in their path, was there? None that anyone knew of. And the affair was brought within sight of a happy conclusion in the priest's parlor. But just there it stopped. What did the pastor have to say about it?

While the local atmosphere in the big city was thus disturbed, a noisy gaiety stirred the distant town of Claire. It was a clean, bright town on the Lake, agog with pleasure-seeking strangers during the summer. Strangers came and went unnoticed. Scarcely ten people then could tell you that during the summer a man in dark attire, of me-

dium height, with hard features and restless eyes walked through the streets of the town day after day, having apparently no other occupation than to meet all the people he could. His activity was silent and guarded. As people came and went his shadow fell unnoticed in their path. Finally he approached a house which none could tell was then occupied. At his summons the door was opened by a young man.

"Mr. James Workham, I presume," said the visitor.

"Yes sir," came the reply in an indifferent tone. The inquiring look on the visitor's face impelled him to add: "Won't you come in?"

They seated themselves in a room which seemed to serve as diner, parlor and office at once.

"I am Mr. Hunt," began the visitor. "I am employed by a private agency to establish an identity.

At these words the placid indifference of Mr. Workham ruffled into slight alarm. He darted a searching glance at the man opposite him, whilst inwardly a jostling crowd of events rose before him. For which adventure has this man come? He wished to have all the facts well in hand before the questions came too quick to allow him much reflection in his answer. He paused sufficiently to regain his assurance, then blandly stated:

"I am ready, Mr. Hunt, to give you any information about myself you desire."

"I would like to know," said the detective, "if among your acquaintances of several years ago there was a Miss Lucy Sadd?"

"Miss Sadd?" mused the young man. "I cannot recall her at present. You see, I have known so many people—"

"You met her in the city and were intimate with her for a brief space. Your name then was William Sheffield," broke in the detective persuasively.

The frown that had gathered on his forehead deepened into serious thoughtfulness. He realized that this man had been on his trail for some time.

"Oh, yes," he rejoined airily, "a strange girl she was. A superstitious, frivolous, yet attractive person, with a few stubborn opinions, I should say."

"To what extent were you acquainted with her? There is nothing more to the case," added the detective coaxingly, "than to establish your identity, I assure you."

"Why yes," he began, tapping lightly on the table with assumed in-

difference, "we had a strange encounter. It's all fixed up though before the law.

"A friend of mine was interested in spiritism and after many experiments convinced herself that she had mediumistic powers. She conducted a sort of rendezvous for the interested, making a specialty of fortune telling. However, in her years of practice she realized full well that her spiritistic powers were not always ready for use; so she always made provision for human aid and artificial means. She engaged me to supplement the shortcomings of the spirits. One day the maid announced two girls. They wanted to know their future. One of them, this Miss Sadd, seemed particularly interested and placed confidence in the spiritist. She wanted to know whether she would marry and whom she should marry. My friend, who that day could not establish communication with the unseen powers, put her off with a promise that on a certain day she would show her the very man whom she would marry. As the day approached she arranged the room for the production of this phenomenon. She hid me away in the room with strict instructions by no means to manifest any signs of my presence. The girl kept her appointment. She was led into the darkened room, placed on a chair, and charged to keep her mind without fear on the object of her visit. The room was draped in fantastic manner, giving a vivid impression of black and red. My friend was dressed in all the mystic pattern and color suggesting the mysterious powers she possessed. When all was ready and the atmosphere was charged with the subtle terror of invisible presences, the spiritist announced that her future husband would soon be at hand. By a skillful use of lights the girl gradually became aware of my face shining through the darkness. It was intensely exciting to me. It was agony to bate my breath and remain motionless. The girl stared at me wide-eyed and breathless. It took but a few seconds. In a trice the lights were shifted, I was swallowed up in darkness. With a cry of terror the girl ran from the room. With mingled feelings of alarm and surprise and joy she deposited her fee and vanished out into the street. My friend's part was finished; but my role only commenced.

One day a crowd had gathered on a street corner waiting to board a car. I stood beside the entrance to allow the ladies to board first. They passed in rapidly, when of a sudden there was a pause. The girl stood before me. She gazed intently at me. The seance immediately came to her mind. If in the meanwhile she had thought the

whole affair a hoax, she now suddenly felt that her apparition was real. The color fled from her cheeks, her eyes opened in amazement, with a stifled cry of alarm she hurried into the car. I grasped the situation at once and determined to get all I could from it. I made her acquaintance and then visited her. She became obsessed by the thought that fate had decreed that she must marry me and that it was impossible for her to escape the choice. I urged her to strangle all fear, that there was no reason for misgivings, we would get along alright. So we got married. Of course it didn't last long; I never intended that it should. She was never happy; she seemed torn by fear and regret and impulses to run away, yet was beaten down helplessly by a sense of inexorable fate. When I got tired of her we were divorced. Where she drifted to after that, I don't know."

The detective had followed his narrative with close attention; not a word nor change of inflection escaped his notice. When the story drew to an end, he smiled with satisfaction both at the news and that his mission was fulfilled. Drawing from his inside coat pocket a slip of paper he asked Mr. Workham to put his signature to it.

"It is nothing," he explained, spreading it before him, "but testimony to your part in the marriage and your present existence."

Mr. Workham read over the paper, then confidently signed his name. With a short greeting and word of thanks Mr. Hunt took his leave.

When the detective returned to the big city to lay his find before the priest who had hired him, he was unconscious of the woe his words would work on a troubled heart. Lucy had come at brief intervals to the priest to learn whether or not the obstacle to her marriage had been cleared away. Though the priest only answered, "Not yet," to her invariable question, she felt more and more the utter hopelessness of her cause. No one knew her bitter secret, save the cold and selfish man who duped her. She dreaded to think the priest must one day find it all out. The love for her intended that once flooded her soul with joy, now tormented her with dire forebodings of disappointment. In her heart was the sting of the venomous tongues that condemned her without knowing her. Her own reputation and the name of the family were in danger; yet she dared not reveal her secret. Her happiness and heart's desire, her first and strongest love was being slowly killed; yet she could not revive the dying joys. Now her sorrow preyed upon her

till the hot tears fell from her reddening eyes; again her anguish filled her heart with reckless impulse to defy the laws of God and Church.

Toward the end of the summer she again made the invariable query: "Have you found out anything?" This day the priest met her with a sad and solemn silence. He merely asked her to be seated. At once she felt he knew it all and the time for a decision had come. The priest drew forth the slip of paper and said slowly: "Mr. Sheffield is still alive. And, as you proved to me before that you were married by the priest, the whole question is settled." Oh how monotonous, indifferent, cold was his voice! Could he not see how those words rent her heart?

She sat there in silence, struggling against dismay. The pastor's words smote her as a thunderbolt; the wreck of a happy marriage was drifting out to sea before her very eyes. The tears stole down her cheeks, and half complaining, half whimpering, she asked: "The Church then forbids me to enter this marriage?"

"Yes, Lucy," laconic, yet with a note of sympathy.

Then she broke forth in sobs:

"Oh how silly I was. My mother had so often warned me against my itching curiosity about fortune tellers. That fatal day we had had a sermon on the matter. The very vehemence of the priest's denunciation aroused in me a dare-devil spite to do a reckless, utterly foolish piece of bravado. Its all my fault—" Then as a new thought took hold of her, her voice hardened, the color mounted to her cheeks. "But, Father," she said sharply, "if I hadn't insisted on the laws of the Church then, if I hadn't made a fool of myself with him by demanding to be married by the priest, I'd be free now. Is this the reward for obeying my conscience? If I had thrown conscience to the winds then, I could now embrace my happiness. It is unfair, it is cruel on the part of the Church."

The priest realized her dangerous mood. She needed comfort to sustain her sinking courage and a strong hand to hold in check the rebellion that was rising in her heart.

"Lucy, you acted courageously," he said with sympathy, "when, after your foolish determination to be married at all hazards, you insisted on being married in the right way. Mind you, I do not commend your foolish adventure; it was melancholy enough. But you acted at the last on principle. You complain now that it is a heartless Church that stands between you and a happy life. You ask as a reward for your former conscientiousness that you be allowed to enter this marriage. Impos-

sible. No priest, no pope, no law, no court, no Church, can dissolve your marriage. Perhaps, Lucy, if you had not then observed the laws of the Church you would not be here now, but wandering, broken in spirit, dragging your soul in the mud, through the streets of the city, an outcast of society, a ruined life. Now, after your sad adventure you are enjoying honor and respectability; that is the grace of God. God gave you a choice once; you wished to compromise, to follow your whim, yet not flaunt Him openly. He now places you again face to face with the alternative of His law or your pleasure. This is your chance; blot out the stain of your former choice. Lucy, be brave."

It was not a new conflict that was raging in her soul; it was the last feeble effort of a conquered foe. She had often in the past months in the prayers begged for strength and often repeated to her God that she would be faithful to Him. Her wilfulness was pressed into the service of conscience and supported her resolution. She dried her eyes and sought to restrain her twitching lips.

"It would be putting myself outside the Church by entering this marriage?" she asked firmly.

That's it exactly."

"Then I'll atone for the folly of a moment with my future years."

"Very wise and very loyal," said the priest. "I assure you, that your life will be your reward and a blessing to all who know you. Your generosity is a challenge to God's goodness. I am sure that He will not only give you the peace and joy of a righteous life, but even yet the happiness to which you are stretching out your yearning hands."

THE VALUE OF A ZERO

Consider the cipher. It amounts to nothing in itself, but when put at work with others behind a good strong figure, it adds wonderfully to the value of the group. But if a cipher puts on airs and gets out in front of the procession, it becomes valueless again. Men might take a lesson and learn that their value lasts only as long as they stay on the job.

Love Jesus and Mary,— love them with all your heart; for they reveal themselves to those who strive to know them.—

St. Alphonsus.

The Glories of Mary in Boston

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF ONE PARISH

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

The title of this article is the title of a book just off the press. It is a book worth while, because it is a book of personal experience and personal achievement,—a book that reflects credit on the members of a great parish and serves as an inspiration to anyone who reads it.

It is complete: it tells the story of the parish and every one of its activities, from its beginning to the present. We see, as in a motion picture, the first church, the new church, the school, the parish hall, the printing press, the parish house,—all grow up before our eyes from the work of the Fathers and the cooperation of a faithful people. Then there march by our review—stand the Fathers and missionaries, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, the Parish Societies, the St. Alphonsus Association, the Mission Church Field Band, the Alumni Association, the Guild of Our Lady, The Choir, and the revered dead. Statistics are not wanting,—most interesting because representing supreme sacrifice and constant devotion. And over all is the glamor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. For this is the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Roxbury, Boston.

THE SITE OF THE CHURCH.

One thing is remarkable at the very start, and perhaps it is also significant. The Church with its appertinent buildings stands on historic ground. It associates with the beginning of the reign of Mary in Boston the beginning of the reign of freedom. Washington was here, and here presided at the councils of some of the first generals of the American Army; here were the headquarters of the American General during operations around Boston; here freedom first lifted its head as the idea of independence was discussed and the movement against the Stamp Act was on foot.

On the 17th of November, 1775, Washington wrote to Gen. Ward (who had his headquarters in the house which later became the residence of the Redemptorist Fathers), as follows:

"Sir,—As the season is fast approaching when the bay between us and Boston will in all probability be close shut up, thereby rendering any movement on the ice as easy as if no water was there, and as it is

more than probable that Gen. Howe when he gets the expected reinforcement will endeavor to relieve himself of the disgraceful confinement in which the ministerial troops have been all this summer, common prudence dictates the necessity of guarding our camps wherever they are most assailable. For this purpose, I wish you, Gen. Thomas, Gen. Spencer, and Col. Putnam to meet me at your quarters tomorrow at ten o'clock, that we may examine the ground between your work at the mill and Sewall's Point, and direct such batteries as shall appear necessary for the security of our camp on this side, to be thrown up without loss of time."

"During the stirring days of the Revolution," continues Drake's narrative (Town of Roxbury), "many other plans against the Crown were laid under the roof of the old house, and for a year or so it was practically the capitol of the unformed American Republic."

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.

In 1869, Father James A. Healey, Pastor of St. James Church, Boston, called upon the Redemptorist Fathers to give a mission in his church. That the mission was a success may be gleaned from the fact that there were 11,000 confessions. Father Healey was so well pleased that he urged Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Williams to establish a mission house of the Redemptorist Fathers in the City. By September of that year, all arrangements were made, Brinley House bought as a convent, and in 1870 the building of a church begun. This church seated about 900 and was dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. In the following year the picture of Our Lady was solemnly enthroned above the high altar. That was the beginning of the reign of Mary in Boston,—“the purple dawn” that presaged the “growing splendor” to come.

The author of “The Catholic Church in New England,” thus described those early days:

“The small bell (of the church) summoned not only the neighboring Catholics, but people from all over the city and the neighboring towns flocked to this new church where the sermons of powerful speakers and veteran missionaries packed the edifice Sundays and week-days and wrought great good among the people. So great and eager were the crowds that came to hear the Word of God, that they were satisfied to sit in groups before the doors and windows, rather than return home again entirely disappointed when they could not get into the church.

For seven years the people worshipped in this church, during which time they became much attached to it."

GROWING SPLENDOR.

The old church, so well-beloved, soon became inadequate and had to make way for a larger one. "On Passion Sunday, April 7, 1878, in the presence of several thousand persons the new church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was solemnly dedicated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams."

We cannot tell here the interesting and inspiring story of its building. In the course of years, improvements and renovations were made, till it became a thing of beauty. A writer in the *Roxbury Gazette* thus described it in 1897:

"The Mission Church is a most exquisitely beautiful edifice, fraught with majesty, sublimity, loveliness of art and the ecstatic sense of a divine element in human destiny. I approached it at the hour of Vespers, and while I lingered in the vestibule, in wondering meditation, the muffled thundering of its sonorous organ rose, rolling and throbbing from the choir, and seemed to strike the mighty structure with a blast of jubilation and worship. One finds it difficult to understand how anybody, however lowly born or poorly endowed or meanly nurtured, can live within the presence of this heavenly building, and not be purified by the contemplation of so much majesty. What a comfort to its worshippers! What a solace and an inspiration! There it stands in the beauty of holiness, symbolizing as no other object on earth can do, except one of its own kindred, God's promise of immortal life to man and man's unconquerable faith in the promise of God. The setting sun now pours its glory on those mosaic windows, the sanctuary reflecting the golden light from the candles which adorn the classic altar, the *Te Deum* ascends with rapturous voice to the heavens above, and the dome returns the angelic echoes of united humanity. Let all who worship here be comforted and feel that the beautiful Cathedral is indeed the gateway to heaven."

PLANETS.

Around the church are grouped all the buildings that make up a complete Parish establishment,—each a monument to the zeal and sacrifice of people and priests. There is the School,—built "amid contradictions and setbacks and heartaches", of which the *Boston Herald*

said in its issue of July 2, 1891: "The banner parochial school of the city in point of numbers and rapidity of growth since its opening two years ago, is the school of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Roxbury." So far, 2764 pupils have received diplomas from it; it is under the direction of the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

There is the St. Alphonsus' Hall, of which competent judges have said: "It is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the United States." It is, in fact, "a splendid club-house which provides in the most generous, attractive and modern style all the facilities for rational amusement: * * * It became the inspiring center of many of the parish interests, and the noble supplement of the church and school." It is the meeting place of the St. Alphonsus Association, of which everything I could say here is too little. To give a slight idea: "There are seven departments: athletics, aquatics, card games, bowling, billiards and pool, dramatics, and music; each of which is represented by a committee and represented on the Board of Directors. * * * The intellect is developed by the lectures given bi-monthly and by informal talks with professional men who belong to the Association; lawyers, doctors, teachers and musicians. The physical advantages center in the gymnasium, and in the boating, bowling and running contests. The social inducements are found in frequent entertainments, receptions to ladies, whist parties, card games, pool and billiard games, in the orchestra, and in mandolin and glee clubs." Membership is open to all Catholic young men over 18 years; the present membership is about 600.

There is a fully equipped Printing Shop, whence have issued many books and pamphlets designed to promote faith and piety.

In one word, the establishment is complete. This brought from the Boston *American* of March 28, 1909, the following praise:

"The Roxbury Mission Church is famous throughout the United States, not only for the impressiveness of its services and the beauty of its architecture and the eloquence and the missionary zeal of the priests who comprise its community, but for the marvellously complete solution of sociological problems that for more than a quarter of a century has been worked out successfully beneath the shadow of its walls.

"Neither Lyman Abbot nor Felix Adler nor Dr. Irvine nor any others of the prominent students of sociology can afford to close their book of human observation and think they have read the last word on their science in America, unless they have paid a visit to the great institutions on Mission Hill. Given in a single sentence, a congregation

of 10,000 people is cared for and guided in all its interests of life, temporal as well as spiritual, from earliest youth to old age and the earthly end. Every stage of existence, every condition of life, has its special ministration, until there has grown up about the Mission Church one of the most faithful and appreciative populations in all the world.

"On this spot now stands one of the greatest Catholic establishments in the United States. Besides the splendid church there is the convent and school of the Sisters of Notre Dame, two spacious club-houses for boys and girls, a commodious community house for the Order, a hall and theatre, where entertainments are held regularly throughout the winter months; a gymnasium with fine bathing accommodations for boys and another for girls, an extensive printing and publishing plant, enclosed recreation grounds, a band-room for one of the finest bands in the country and two junior bands, pool rooms, a large billiard hall, a well stocked library whose shelves are freely used by hundreds of young readers every evening of the year, the whole constituting an equipment fit for a university."

THE HEART OF IT ALL.

The heart, so to speak, of the parish and its activities, is the shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. If any one were to ask the Fathers or the people, what under God was the explanation of this wonderful achievement, they would point to the picture above the Main Altar,—and to her whom it represents.

The picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was solemnly enthroned May 28, 1871. The very next day an extraordinary cure was wrought in the case of a little girl, Louisa Julia Kohler. Since that day, cures have happened repeatedly, the most remarkable being that of Miss Grace Hanley, daughter of Col. P. T. Hanley of Roxbury. Or read the cure of Miss Ellen T. Meagher, a well-known trained nurse, who had attended Judge John Wells of the Supreme Court, Pres. Eliot of Harvard University, and Judge Warren.

In November, 1874, the practice of bestowing a blessing on the sick came into vogue; at first the blessing took place on Wednesday at 11 A. M.; but in 1877 the hour was changed to 3 P. M.

However, the most wonderful thing about the shrine is not the wonders that are wrought there, but the piety and devotion of the faithful. "Since the miraculous picture of the Mother of Mercy and the Consoler of the Afflicted was installed in the church, nearly two generations have

come and gone," says the author, "yet the devotion of the faithful to her is not only as fresh, as verdant and as vigorous today as it was 50 years ago, but its roots have struck deeper and deeper into the earth. it has risen higher and higher, and its branches, spreading farther and wider with the passing hours, have afforded beneficent shelter and protection to ever-increasing multitudes of the footsore, weary and oppressed."

SOME STATISTICS.

When during the late war, the service flag of this parish was raised, 1057 boys of the parish had enlisted in the service of the country. "This record," said Father Kenna that day, "has not to my knowledge been surpassed to date."

Still better. The number of those who, issuing from this parish have entered the service of God in the priesthood or the religious life is almost astonishing. The list of names fills several pages. The sum-totals are: 47 Redemptorist priests, 27 Redemptorist Seminarians, and 17 Redemptorist Lay Brothers; 11 secular priests, 3 priests of other Orders, and 35 seminarians; 112 Notre Dame Sisters, and 109 among other Sisterhoods.

There is life and vitality in this parish, is there not?

We recommend highly the book produced by Father John F. Byrne, C. Ss. R.,—*The Glories of Mary in Boston.*

GROWING STRONG

Before we can lift great weights, it is usually necessary to strengthen the muscles by constant exercise with smaller weights.

Before we shall be able to stand proof against severer temptations we must increase and fortify our power of resistance by overcoming all the slight and ordinary appeals that sin and wrong make to us in the course of our daily lives.

Before we shall be able to do great and difficult duties well we must have increased our energy and our virtue by constant fidelity in the discharge of our ordinary daily duties.

One who has not thus built up his character may do right: but it is only by chance, as it were, and we would have no assurance or security for his doing it.

Strength—in physical power as well as moral power or virtue is the fruit of gradual growth.

The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope

CHAPTER XI.- A CLANDESTINE RIDE

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

Poor Janice! Condemned to live indefinitely in a negro cabin with Aunt Liza and her three picaninnies! What a pill for her to swallow! Charlotte was beside herself. And Uncle Stanhope, when he returned that night and heard what had happened was worried almost sick. He paced up and down a long time under the stars. Janice was thoroughly frightened. The fact of living with Liza and her pics had no terrors for her, because like most southern children she was raised by a negro mammy; but what if she should contract the disease, one of the most dreaded, not so much the fear of death as the disfigurement. Her beauty gone, her principal asset!

The news of what had happened soon spread around, and while some pitied her, others laughed and considered it a good joke, while the more malevolent, moved by jealousy, were glad and hoped that she would catch the small-pox, and come out thoroughly marked for life—to take the shine out of her. But everybody around Pine Grove radiated sympathy and condolence, and if she had been a queen, she could not have received more attention and consideration. Father Liscombe made it his special business to go down and give her a long distance talk of encouragement. Religion is a wonderful prop under trials of every kind, but Janice wasn't overdone with religion, and so those motives had not much force for her. Still, Father Liscombe wove a good deal of religion into his talk, and Janice felt grateful and more resigned. Charlotte picked out a couple of old house-dresses and several aprons, which were to be burnt afterwards, a cot was fixed up and some toilette articles sent down, and Janice began to serve her sentence in good earnest. She was heart-broken though at missing a fine play in Pulaski, at which she was to have a box seat with the Maloneys, and it was doubtful whether she would be out for the County Fair.

A number of times during her imprisonment, Butterworth came dashing up from the Hermitage, and he would sit on the back fence, about 12 or 15 feet from the window, and detail all the county and city news and gossip by the yard. Once, when he came directly from Pulaski, he brought a large bouquet of flowers, which was passed into the

window on the end of a rake. Uncle Stanhope said that the handle had a "rake" at both ends, which amused Father Liscombe immensely. Both would have been glad had he remained away altogether, for neither liked him. When Patrick heard about the bouquet episode, he also came flying out with one, and brought the girls, who condoled and wept with Janice from the same back fence; and once, the two young men came at the same time, and both sat on the fence, and the conversation was quite lively and gay. Uncle Stanhope said they looked like two nocturnal tom-cats sitting on the back fence, and he felt like throwing a boot-jack at them.

If Janice had gotten a grip on Uncle Stanhope's heart up to this time, she certainly made a ten strike by getting herself imprisoned in Aunt Liza's cabin. His enthusiasm over her heroism, as he called it,—her self-forgetfulness, her charity, to rush unquestioning into a small-pox den like that; and now, to be nursing, day and night, Aunt Liza's picaninny,—knew no bounds. He couldn't praise her enough, and it came up so frequently at meals, that finally Charlotte got tired of listening to it. At last, in a pet, she called him down.

"Oh, hush!" she told him; "any one would have done the same thing."

Father Liscombe laughed. Uncle Stanhope had not yet learned the lesson that you must never praise a woman in another woman's presence. He had many things to learn, poor man! Even Methuselahs don't know it all. And Solomon himself, wise as he was, learned something every day from his numerous wives. I'm positive it would have been a severe blow to Uncle Stanhope if Janice were taken down. But fortunately, both Janice and Aunt Liza had been vaccinated not so long before; and the doctor immediately vaccinated the other two little ones, and things looked hopeful, especially when after some days no sign of contagion developed.

As the days wore on, and the child began to improve, Uncle Stanhope grew more and more cheerful. One day on going to Fayetteville on business, he brought back "Tarzan of the Apes" for Janice to read, and a big bundle of magazines. He also had a large, square package, which greatly excited Charlotte's curiosity. This package he carefully deposited in his dresser. But the next time Charlotte saw him mount his horse to ride around the fields, she investigated and found a dozen small boxes of the finest candy. He generally went down several times a day and passed a few words with the fair captive from the same back

fence, and his plan was to pass in a small box at a time, rather than a large one, on the end of that rake, so as to multiply the pleasure of giving it and seeing the delight of the girl. The sly, old fox! When Charlotte told Father Liscombe about it, both had a good laugh, and many were the sly digs they gave him.

A rainy spell came on, and the Fair had to be postponed a month. You may be sure that Janice was very glad of that, for she dearly loved horse-racing, and Butterworth had made up his mind to enter Sultan, and was training a jockey to ride him. The more her interest grew in Butterworth, the more she favored Sultan, even against "Old Tim".

One day, about a week before her release, Uncle Stanhope took a trip to Pulaski. He returned Friday evening and with him was Willie Maloney. He wanted Willie to ride "Old Tim" at the races. And the two put in the whole of Saturday, and the greater part of Sunday, putting the horse through his paces, to Stanhope's great satisfaction.

Monday, after dinner, a large truck brought a "Steinway Grand", This was to be Janice's present for her "heroism". Everyone was put under the strictest secrecy, so as to give her a joyful surprise. Charlotte sniffed with disgust, and as she afterwards said to Father Liscombe:

"I hate to see any one sailing under false colors, and getting things under false pretences. Janice would'nt have dreamed of entering that cabin had she known what was awaiting her. She was trapped, that's all." Father Liscombe smiled and answered:

"Keep the peace. Don't bother your head about it."

'Twas gala-day at Pine Grove, when the doctor, the little black child on her feet again, finally took down the ugly yellow sign and gave Janice her liberty. Uncle Stanhope was thinking of giving a grand party, but Charlotte shook her head emphatically.

"Isn't the piano enough?" she exclaimed a little sharply. "We can have our own little home party. But I don't feel like going through the labor of getting up a party for the whole country. It's easy enough for men, who do nothing but look on and enjoy themselves, to shout 'party!'"

Father Liscombe, who scented danger, adroitly changed the conversation.

Well, everything except the furniture in Aunt Liza's cabin had to be burnt, and all of Janice's clothes used during the imprisonment.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the evening before, Patrick had

brought out the girls and Willie; and Isabelle was prevailed upon to accompany them. The poor girl didn't wish to come, but I think she was minded to face the "dragon" in her den. They made the house noisy on Friday night, and Saturday forenoon went nutting in the deep woods.

At dinner it was announced that Janice would return to the house in the afternoon, and all were instructed to assemble on the front verandah at 3:00 o'clock. Just after dinner, who comes puffing up in his brand new car but Karl Schneiderhahn and his wife and two friends from Pulaski, and then, a half hour later, Butterworth himself on Sultan, whose hide shone like polished silver. 'Twas a merry party that took possession of Uncle Stanhop's house, and in the midst Father Liscombe, the jolliest of them all, with no end of joke and story and repartee, worthy of a Chesterfield.

Charlotte had gone down to the quarter sometime before, and just at 3:00 o'clock, Patrick, who was on the lookout, gave a cheer.

"Hurrah! there they come!" and the whole merry party ran down the steps and across the lawn to surround the fair captive, and while all the ladies showered her with kisses, the men had to be contented with a fervent shake-hands. Janice was none the worse for her experience, just a trifle pale from the confinement, but under the excitement her color rose, and her eyes sparkled, and the men vowed she had never looked so beautiful. She wore a white fluffy dress, all flounces, exceedingly becoming, and around her throat a coral neckless, from which hung suspended a small portrait of her mother. She was somewhat subdued, and all in all, played her part well, "the heroic martyr".

The doors of the parlor leading onto the verandah had been thrown open, and the "Steinway" wheeled around, so that it couldn't be missed. And missed it certainly was not. It was the first thing Janice spied as she mounted the steps between Charlotte and Stanhope.

"Oh! look at that!" she exclaimed, running up and looking it over. Then turning, "Oh, you dear!" she gave Uncle Stanhope a resounding kiss, which he bore resignedly. Charlotte gave a little saort, for that piano stuck in her craw, and she simply couldn't get over it. Father Liscombe, standing a little to the side, watched the drama unfolding itself and chuckled. As for Butterworth and Patrick, they divided honors, one bringing flowers, and the other, a box of candy. Anne clenched her fist; but Isabelle greeted and congratulated her rival with indescribable sweetness and gentleness. 'Twas an act of the highest

virtue, more difficult for poor human nature than the taking of a castle, and won the unqualified admiration of Father Liscombe, who was accustomed to look below the surface.

You may be sure that the afternoon passed on the wings of joy, and a jollier, happier crowd of mortals it would be hard to find. The dining-room table was stretched to capacity, and a sumptuous supper was spread, and afterwards, late into the night, there were music and song and dancing. Seldom, at the same time, would you meet in an ordinary gathering so many talented persons. Karl played classical selections, and brought out the exquisite tone of the instrument. There were vocal solos, duets, trios, and Uncle Stanhope led the chorus with his banjo. Butterworth shone in darkey recitations. Isabelle gave several selections on an old fiddle they found down in the "quarters". And, as for Janice, she surpassed herself. Song after song rippled over her beautiful lips, and all were loud in their compliments, especially Butterworth and Patrick.

Finally Patrick and Willie slipped away, soon followed by Uncle Stanhope. Karl, Grace and Charlotte were singing a beautiful Ave Maria, accompanied by Catherine, at the time, and their absence passed unnoticed. After a little, Uncle Stanhope returned. Janice had just finished a song in high C, when Charlotte spied in the semi-darkness two forms coming through the front gate.

"Oh!" exclaimed Uncle Stanhope, jumping to his feet and advancing to the front of the verandah and peering into the darkness, "it must be Professor Jacobini and his boy. I phoned them at Fayetteville."

So it proved. A lamp was placed on the steps for light, and then, on the lawn, the Professor and his son gave an exhibition of acrobatics seldom seen even in the professional world. Such climbing and wriggling and jumping was never seen. The Professor pitched the boy around like a ball. And the youngster was evidently no tyro. Every new act brought out uproarious applause, and the darkies who in throngs had come up, lurking outside the fence in the shadows, drawn by the concert, becoming more bold, had formed a ring around them, clapping their hands and cheering. At last, after an unusually difficult feat, the Professor and the boy, hand in hand, made a low bow.

"Dat ees enuff!" said the Professor, and started for the front gate.

"Hold on!" said Uncle Stanhope, running down, and taking out his wallet he gave the Professor a ten dollar bill. "Come again!" he exclaimed, while the crowd cheered lustily, "You did well!"

The Professor and his boy vanished into the outer darkness, and when, after a little while, Patrick and Willie returned to the verandah, Janice ran up to Patrick.

"Where have you been, sir? You've missed the finest performance of the evening. Professor Jacobini and his boy from Fayetteville!"

"Sorry," drawled Patrick, "but Willie and I had a coon-trap to bait." It was no fib on Patrick's part, for they did bait the coontrap.

Thus, with music and singing was celebrated the deliverance of Janice from bondage and her home-coming. That night the three young men bunked in Father Liscombe's bungalow; and the ladies made a kind of dormitory of the big dormer room, where after 12:00 they all went to sleep, and country silence reigned over Pine Grove.

The next day being Sunday, at 9:00 o'clock, Father Liscombe had Mass on his front verandah, and preached a forceful sermon. Then the guests turned their faces towards Pulaski, with the exception of Willie, who remained to put "Old Tim" through his exercises in preparation for the coming race. As the autos sped away, Butterworth, who brought up the rear on Sultan, made a peculiar signal to Janice by holding up two fingers, to which she replied by also holding up two fingers. These signals set two persons wondering mightily, Anne in Patrick's auto, whose sharp eyes saw everything, and Charlotte in the doorway, watching the girl, who stood at the verandah-rail waving until all were out of sight.

The next day after dinner, Janice appeared in her riding habiliments, and mounting Butter Ball at the steps, she said to Uncle Stanhope:

"I'm off for a ride to Dorothy Green's. She promised to show me a new stitch. Au revoir. I'll return before bedtime, I hope!" And she went cantering down the road towards Clark's Creek. Uncle Stanhope smiled and turned to Father Liscombe.

"She's improving every day with her pretty ways," he said. "The country is good for her. Poor girl! that was a severe trial, that three weeks in the quarters. But now, we must find some way to make it up."

No one knew what he was planning.

Janice on crossing the ford, instead of keeping the main road west toward the Green plantation ten miles away, turned directly south, and followed a well-marked pathway along the left bank of Clark's Creek. At places the path ran close to the water; again it swung away into little

thickets of plum-trees and blackberry patches, but the Creek at this part flowed due north. After ten minutes' easy riding, she entered a dense grove of willows through whose stripped branches the gentle south wind sighed mournfully. On emerging from this grove, there, directly in front of her, close to the bank, rose an old-fashioned mill,—“Old Mallory's Mill”—as they called it. On every Saturday of the year from 8:00 a. m. until dark, the old mill ground corn for all that came. The rest of the week the old mill, locked and bolted, was deserted. A more romantic spot could not be found. The land to the west was high, and Clark's Creek widened out into a little lake, flowing from west to east. Then, at the old mill, the water plunged down over a series of rocks for about a half-mile and turned abruptly north, just at the corner of Uncle Stanhope's plantation. Around the old mill, on both sides of the stream, grew a clump of birches which now, in the early winter, denuded of their leaves, lifted up their spectral branches to be kissed by the warm southern sunshine. A rustic bridge spanned the Creek just below the mill, and farther down, just at the turn, was the finest swimming hole in all that region. On Uncle Stanhope's property, just inside his line-fence, there was a lofty bluff frowning over the swimming hole, and on the top, about 15 feet from the edge, a mighty oak, garlanded with moss, spread its branches. This spot known far and wide in Brandywine County was in summer the scene of many a picnic and swimming party. Convenient diving places were to be found on the face of the bluff; and the more daring ones could jump from the very top into the water fully 30 feet in depth. From this swimming hole down to the ford, Clark's Creek ran swiftly, being not more than 30 feet wide, but before reaching the ford, it began to widen again, and at the ford itself was fully 500 feet wide, a stretch of silvery sand glistening in the sunlight; and the freshets left little pools which lay like polished mirrors until the sun sucked them up.

Janice on emerging from the willows looked carefully in every direction, and her searching gaze was duly rewarded, for at the entrance to the little rustic bridge, gazing thoughtfully into the dashing white water, his horse's bridle dangling over his arm, stood Butterworth. He turned at the sound of Butter Ball's footfall, and said smilingly, his watch in his hand:

“You are here just to the dot. Exactly two o'clock.” This explains the two-fingered signals.

"I always keep my engagements," replied Janice.

"Will you alight?" he said.

"No," replied Janice, "we must start at once. I told them I was going to Dorothy Green's, and we must drop in there for supper, on our way back."

"All right," said Butterworth, swinging into the saddle, "follow close behind me, for, in the woods Sultan and my body will protect you from the low, swinging branches."

So saying, he started at a rapid gait westward along the Creek, crossed a country-road, then skirting some corn and cotton fields, plunged into a dense woods, following a road not always very clearly defined. Where the road allowed of it, they galloped, sometimes they trotted the horses, and now and then, in bad places, they fell into a walk, but by pretty hard riding, about 3:30 o'clock, they entered the woods near the Hermitage, struck Bonnie Branch, and in a few moments more alighted in front of Butterworth's plant, which was in full blast.

"Rub down the horses, and blanket them," said Butterworth to one of the men.

The pair then disappeared into the building.

(To be continued)

A USEFUL EXAMINATION PAPER

Father Rickaby, S. J., states that he has a short examination paper ready to serve on anyone who will assert that Catholic teaching clashes with physical science,—namely, these three questions:

"1. With what particular branch of physical science does Catholic teaching clash?

2. What particular knowledge have you of that particular branch?

3. What knowledge have you of Catholic teaching?"

Usually these questions will demonstrate that the critic of the Catholic Church has a very vague knowledge of what he thinks he is talking about intelligently.

The more you speak of yourself, the more likely you are to speak rashly.

Catholic Anecdotes

A BUSY MAN'S RECORD

Where there's a will, there's a way. This is an old saying. It is verified in the record which is claimed for Mr. Ambrose Petry, one of the governors of the Catholic Church Extension Society, in regard to hearing Mass on Sundays. His story is told by the president of that society in his history of it.

"He missed Mass only twice in a life that was spent chiefly on trains and in hotels. Once he got off a train on a prairie, and was rewarded by success. Once he wired the pastor of a busy parish in Indiana to hold a congregation for ten minutes, so that he could get there in time for Mass. He was a stranger to the priest, but the latter began his Mass ten minutes late as requested, figuring that a man with the impudence and faith which the telegram indicated was worth consideration. Alas! the train was more than ten minutes late, and Mr. Petry lost Mass that day.

"The other occasion of his losing Mass was when he was laid up in a hospital. The doctors kept him away from Mass the first Sunday, but he broke loose on the second. He had a veritable mania for the devotion of "the fifty-two Sunday's", and he never thought an excuse could be great enough to absolve him from attending Mass."

This Catholic gentleman began life as a cash-boy, on a salary of \$2 a week. Fifteen years ago he was able to provide the Church Extension Society with the "St. Anthony Car", its first Chapel Car. His gift has served as a combined rectory and church in the lonely districts of the West, covering the tracks from one section to another, affording the scattered faithful the privilege which he himself values above all others—that of attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

OUR OLD FASHIONED MOTHERS

Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, in an address some time ago, speaking of woman's place in life, said:

"I am thinking of my own mother now. Whenever there was a new baby in the neighborhood, she was there almost before the doctor, to help in every way possible. When affliction came to the neighbor's family, she cooked for them, and she sympathized with them when death came to the door. She was the old-fashioned Mother."

How many problems of modern life would not be solved if there were more "old-fashioned" mothers!

TRUE TO THE MARK.

Many years ago a young man entered the freshman class at Amherst College,—a lad with a square jaw, a steady eye, a pleasant smile and a capacity for hard and consistent work. One day, after he had been at college for about a week, having heard that the highest honor the college conferred was that of reading the valedictory at graduation, he took a chair from his room into the hall, mounted it and nailed over the door, a large, square cardboard on which was painted a big black letter "V" and nothing else.

College boys do not like mysteries, and the young man's neighbors tried to make him tell what the big "V" meant. Was it "for luck?" Was it a joke, What was it? The Sophomores took it up and treated the freshman to some hazing; but he would make no answer to the questions they put. At last he was let alone, and the "V" remained over the door, apparently only a mark of the eccentricity of the occupant.

Four years passed. On commencement day Horace Maynard delivered the valedictory of his class,—he was the first student in the college. After he had left the platform, amid the applause of his fellow-students and of the audience, one of his classmates accosted him:

"Was that what the "V" over your door meant? Were you after the valedictory when you tacked that card up, the first week of your stay at college?"

"Of course," Maynard replied,—"what else could it have been! How else could I have gotten it?"

Maynard needed to tack no other letters over his door. The impetus he had gained carried him through life. He became a member of Congress, attorney-general of Tennessee, minister of Turkey, and postmaster-general, and adorned every position to which he was called.

ONLY WANTING THE BIG THINGS

Most women of today want only the big things in life, and judge their own desires by what their neighbors are blessed with—though many times what we think is a blessing to others is really a burden to them.

On the other hand, many women are getting a lot of happiness out of life which we think must be a dreary round of lonesomeness and trouble.

A friend, a social settlement worker, told me recently of an experience she had.

"I went to see a little old woman last fall and found her living way back on a country road. She and her son occupied a humble little house set in a wooded lot. She was old—well on in her sixties—her children had married and left her, with the exception of this one son, who went to business every day and left her on Sundays while he sought his pleasure elsewhere.

"We heard about this lonely (?) little old lady and went in to call on her and cheer her up; but before we left the place the tables were turned and she was cheering us up—women who lived in a city full of pleasures.

"'Lonely!' she echoed at our suggestion. 'Why should I be lonely?' Haven't I a home, my work, and my books inside?"

"And outside?" I asked.

"'Why, child, I have everything outside that the richest woman in the world has. Haven't I the trees, the beautiful sky, and God above? Why, how could I be lonesome? My children are gone from me, to be sure, but I am thankful I had them even for a time. My daughter has had much trouble in her married life, but I'm thankful she is a brave woman and can take her trouble in a brave way.'"*—Exchange.*

Put enthusiasm into your work and you will find your work a real source of happiness. Put a grouch into your work and your work will keep the grouch in you. Do not forget that work done with enthusiasm pays doubly. Besides the money compensation, there is the satisfaction which work well-done always begets.

To think and feel that we are able, is often to be so in reality.

Pointed Paragraphs

MAKING MILLIONS

The man who works for a million seems to see all his cares and efforts and toil overflowed with the golden light of his dreams, and never wearies of the quest.

Many a one looking up to the beauty and glory of the heaven promised us by God for a life of virtue, seems to complain: "Why did God make Heaven so hard to reach!"

And he almost regrets that God set so high a goal for man's endeavor, a goal that can be won only by dint of a good life.

Yet it could be easily shown,—step for step, duty for duty, act for act, that a good life is in reality much easier and happier than a life of carelessness and sin.

Heaven is our reward. But according to Our Lord's own words, the beatitudes begin already in this life.

REVELATIONS OF THE X-RAY

The X Ray is a rather uncanny thing. It makes objects visible through apparently opaque walls. With its aid, for instance, you can watch a man's lungs expand and contract with his breathing,—you can watch his heart at work within his body.

The light of Purgatory thrown upon life and its events, enables us likewise to see their hidden bones and sinews, so to speak.

Thus, a little prayer is no longer just a bit of breath, a vibration of the grey matter, a fleeting thought; no, that is only the outer wall. Within is an angel hand laid soothingly upon the brow of our dear departed.

A Mass is no longer a beautiful, symbolic ceremony. Hidden under its exterior is a Cross of rough wood upon which hangs the wound-scarred body of Our Redeemer, with Precious Blood trickling down upon souls thirsting for God.

A headache is no longer a title to scowls and crabbiness and sym-

pathy; but a splinter of Christ's Cross, which turns to heavenly gold whatever it touches.

Daily duties are no longer just stones to fill our sack of worries. Each hides some glistening diamond,—the stored up ray of grace and glory.

Neglected prayers, fits of uncontrolled temper, untruths, unkindnesses, and all daily sins, are not simply passing unpleasantnesses without further consequences than loss of earthly friendships or esteem. Deeper lies their core: stains that will unfit us for God's vision, stains that will yield only to the Blood of Christ or the purgatorial flames.

Just as the revelations of the X Ray have helped immensely to provide for a man's health and bodily well-being, so the revelations of Purgatory's light, thrown on your life, will help you to make sure of your soul's well-being.

AFTER THE STORM

During the war, says the N. C. W. C. News Service, it was quite generally believed that the Vatican had suffered loss of influence. This belief was strengthened when by secret agreement between Italy, England and France, in April 1915, the Pope was kept out of the Peace conference.

But what has happened? Just the reverse of what the Powers sought. These are the facts, set forth in brief, by L. J. S. Wood in the September "Atlantic Monthly":

"Before the war the Holy See had diplomatic relations with a dozen states; now it has such relations, either, sending a representative or receiving one, or in the large majority of cases, by sending and receiving, with twenty-one. Quality too, has increased as well as quantity. Before the war, Rome sent to foreign powers only five nuncios, including those of the second class and two internuncios; it received only two ambassadors and twelve ministers of foreign states. Now it sends out nineteen nuncios and five internuncios, receiving eight ambassadors and seventeen ministers. Governments which had no relations have established them. Governments which had broken off relations have restored them. Governments which had second class relations have raised them to first class."

The British Empire has converted its special mission, established in 1914, into a permanent legation. Holland, which in the spring of 1915

carried through Parliament the proposal to send a representative to the Holy See, on the ground that it was the country's special and vital interest that peace should be brought about as soon as possible, has made its relations permanent, receiving a separate internuncio instead of having a subordinate share in the nuncio at Brussels. Among the governments which had broken off relations with the Vatican, and which since the war have restored them, France is the outstanding figure. The German Embassy has replaced the Prussian legation, and Belgium, Chile, Brazil and Peru, also have raised their legations to the full rank of embassies. Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, new countries which have risen from the war, have established diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

What is the explanation of this remarkable phenomenon? It is simple. Amid the encircling gloom, the Holy See was the one kindly power. The Pope was kept away from the peace table, but through his fatherly impartiality and his diligence in providing aid and comfort for the living victims of the great catastrophe, he found a welcome in the hearts of all men of good will. And thus his power was increased and his enemies confounded. The world quite manifestly, is spiritually sick. Where could it turn more hopefully for comfort and guidance than to the one power which has survived the political upheavals of all the centuries past, which has its spiritual authority from Christ, and His pledge of perpetuity?

DOING A MAN'S PART

Admiral Benson's speech of acceptance of the Presidency of the National Council of Catholic Men, is well worth quoting. But we have space for only a few sentences. It was a plain, straight-from-the-shoulder talk to his fellow-Catholic laymen.

"As my rule of life," he said, "for more than fifty years has been that of service to God and country with whatever fervor I have been able to muster, and as the requirements of the present situation seem to demand service, I was left no choice but to accept.

"While this is a Catholic movement, the good to be accomplished is intended for all our countrymen, regardless of faith, condition or race, for all true 'Americans'. We Catholics feel, however, that professing the faith, claiming for it what we do, it is our bounden duty to show by acts and example that we mean what we say. We must be

better Christians, better neighbors, better citizens generally, and we realize that we can help each other more by united efforts than in small communities.

"As a result of contact with many delegates from every part of our country, I am constrained to the conclusion that many; very many, of our Catholic people have no proper conception of the work at hand,—many wonder what it is all about, and the why of it,—hence the first duty devolving upon the new officers is to continue the work that has been so well started by the Administrative Committee of the Welfare Council, and educate all our people to the fact that a great responsibility is ours; that for the first time in the history of the Church in this country, the hierarchy have appealed to the laity to organize the manhood and womanhood of every parish in this country so that the service necessary to restore tranquility and amity among all the people may be hastened, and that the Laity of the Church take up the apostolate so frequently heard of, but so rarely exercised in an intelligent and organized way."

Then falling into the martial language that must lie so near to his spirit, he also uttered the following ringing sentences:

"We have a Hindenburg line to break and we cannot do it unless we have the united and whole-hearted support of the Catholic men and women of the country. With this honor goes a tremendous responsibility. If it were not for my interest and belief that this movement will succeed and become one of the greatest movements ever inaugurated I would not have accepted this post. We must muster our armies, and it is up to you men to localize our forces. If that is done, I will lead you through Belleau Wood and break the Hindenburg line."

Practice the art of being glad. There are some things it does not pay to postpone and happiness is one. Do not think that you must do your work and acquire a competency before you can begin to think of enjoying yourself. If you cannot find pleasure in the doing of your work, you will not be happy over its accomplishment.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love the truth.—*Joubert*.

If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.

Catholic Events

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

Our Holy Father has received at least some recognition from the League of Nations at Geneva. They decided that the resolution concerning Russia will be officially communicated to the Pope, with an expression of gratitude for his generosity in contributing one million lire for the Russian people.

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Poland's new minister to the Vatican, Chevalier Skosynski, was received by His Holiness and presented his credentials.

* * *

At the annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Men held in Washington, Admiral William S. Benson was elected President. The most enthusiastic demonstration of the entire convention greeted the announcement of his election.

* * *

From the report of the work done in the past year by the National Council of Catholic Men, we might single out the following: Established a clearing house for the dissemination of literature giving a Catholic view-point on vital issues; assisted the formation of more than 2,500 Boy Scout troops; fostered the establishment of social study classes; aided the Catholic Press in inducing its members to take an active part in the program of Catholic Press month; stimulated the study of legislation detrimental to all true Americans, and supplied information regarding the introduction of measures harmful to Catholic and civic interests; assisted the immigration bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Council; established Men's Councils in 68 dioceses, of which 23 are completely organized, and enrolled 752 societies for national activities.

* * *

The National Council of Catholic Women which met in convention in Washington during October also presented a creditable report of the year's work. It stressed the necessity of better representation of Catholic women of the United States abroad, the need of trained social workers, the advisability of the establishment of social study clubs, the urgency of fostering higher standards of dress and conduct, and the importance of thorough and painstaking investigation of the girl problem.

* * *

The first annual convention of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada, held in Montreal, was a pronounced success from start to finish. In welcoming the guests, Pres. Smith, of the Montreal branch, declared that the Catholic Truth Society is "anti" in nothing, but "pro-truth". They were convinced that the Catholic Church had the only

panacea for the ills from which our generation is suffering, and they trusted that the present deliberations would be productive of much good.

* * *

Considerably more than a million young men in 12 countries of Europe, America and Asia, were represented at the recent international congress of the world's Catholic youth in Rome. Rev. E. F. Garesche of St. Louis and Charles Phillips, were the delegates from the United States. Even China had a spokesman at the congress. In Austria there are 600 young men's organizations with 300,000 members; Belgium has 300 clubs and 10,000 members; Germany 3,162 clubs with 340,000 members; the French Catholic Juvenile Association had 150,000 members before the war, but this total has been materially reduced.

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Mrs. John K. McEniry, president of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, has called a most important meeting of all State Governors and international Chairmen to be held in Indianapolis, Oct. 15, 16, and 17.

* * *

Two unknown and unnamed Pittsburg Catholic Business men, who have prospered because of their belief that "it pays to advertise", are testing the merits of publicity in a religious way. Having contracted for six inches of space each day for one year in three daily newspapers having a circulation of 200,000, they have begun a series of 365 advertisements explaining Catholic belief, faith and practice. So many malicious lies are being circulated by the enemies of the Church that these two Catholic laymen decided it would be a work of real service to educate the ignorant.

* * *

The Socialist Party in the United States, an organization of over 100,000 members two years ago and of 118,000 members in 1918, has now declined until it has less than 10,000 members.

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Vicars General of the army and navy from various parts of the United States are to meet during October in New York, to discuss the work and problems of Catholic chaplains in the army and navy. They will meet under the presidency of Archbishop Hayes, bishop ordinary.

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Figures given out by President H. C. Noonan, of Marquette University, Milwaukee, show that 4,043 students have enrolled this year in the 10 different departments of the University. This is an increase of 617 over last year.

* * *

Major Leonard Wood was formally inaugurated on Oct. 15, as Governor General of the Philippine Islands. In his inaugural address he paid a high tribute to the Spanish nation and its Catholic missionaries who implanted the seeds of Christian Faith among the people

of the Islands. He said: "In considering the progress made we must not forget the work of Spain through the centuries spent in implanting the Christian Faith, European forms of administration and foundations of law, which have facilitated the rapid upbuilding of representative government among a Christian, self-respecting people, free from caste distinctions, and imbued with Occidental rather than Oriental ideals of government."

* * *

Dr. John A. Ryan, Rev. Dr. Wm. J. Kerby, and Rev. R. A. McGowan, all of the department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council, have accepted invitations to serve as members of the Advisory Committee on Armament Limitation, formed by President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor.

* * *

In the story of Chicago, "Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow," published by the Chicago Association of Commerce in commemoration of the semi-centennial observance of the great fire of 1871, the part played by the Catholic Church and its priests, sisters and laymen forms an important chapter. The recorded history of Chicago begins with the momentous exploration conducted by Louis Joliet, in 1673. His companion was the gentle priest, Father Jacques Marquette. La Salle (Catholic) was the first promoter of big business in Illinois. In 1872 the city had 28 churches and 23 schools, with 10,000 pupils. In 1921, it has 227 Catholic churches, 223 parochial schools, with 130,000 pupils, and 22 high schools with 2,172 pupils.

* * *

The death of Father Fidelis of the Passionist Order in Chicago removes from the ranks of the American priesthood a well-known figure. Father Fidelis, whose name was, James Kent Stone, was the son of Dr. John Stone, formerly head of the Episcopal Seminary at Cambridge. He was graduate of Harvard University; studied two years in German universities, and became professor of Latin and later President of Kenyon College, Ohio. He was ordained to the Protestant Episcopal ministry in 1866. Three years later he resigned the presidency of Hobart College, at Geneva, N. Y., and joined the Catholic Church. He entered the Paulist Order and was ordained in 1872, and transferred to the Passionist Order in 1877. He labored for 12 years in Argentine, South America, sojourned in Rome for several years, and also spent considerable time in Mexico. He has written the story of his conversion in the books: "An Awakening and What Followed," and "The Invitation Heeded."

* * *

Ireland as a whole is obeying the advice of the Bishops to observe silence at the present juncture of negotiations and leave everything in the hands of the nation's spokesmen. October being the month of the Rosary, the people are offering daily prayers that their hopes may be realized. Meanwhile the Protestants of Belfast are doing everything they can to embarrass the situation by persecution and attacks.

— THE — Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Why does the Church prohibit cremation?

In reply we shall give the Law of the Church and the reasons for it.

I. Law of Church in the Code. Canon 1203. 1) The bodies of the faithful who have died must be buried; cremation is reprobated. 2) If anyone should have in any way commanded his body to be cremated, it is unlawful to carry out his wish; and if it has been appended to a contract or testament or any other agreement, it shall be treated as not appended.—Canon 1240. From ecclesiastical burial shall be deprived, unless they give signs of repentance before death * * * 5) those who order their bodies when dead to be cremated.

II. Reasons for the Law. 1) Burial was the Church's practice from the beginning. The Church was present at the burial of Our Lord and of Our Lady; she buried the martyrs with reverence in the catacombs; she buried all her faithful children from the very beginning. 2) She saw in this treatment of the human body a most suitable expression: a) of the belief in the sanctity of the human body as the tool of the immortal soul, the Temple of the Holy Ghost, the recipient of the Sacraments, especially of Holy Communion; b) of the belief in the future resurrection of the body. 3) She realizes that it is to the interest of humanity in general; for cremation would destroy all signs of violence and traces of poison, and so render judicial autopsies impossible. 4) She realizes, further, that none of the evil consequences dreamed of by cremationists result from the practice of burial. 5) She sees that the only ones who till now have raised such a hue and cry in favor of cremation are those who profess irreligion and materialism, and wish to give public expression to their disbelief in a resurrection. 6) The Church claims no divine revelation in regard to it. Cremation, in itself would not be opposed to any teaching of faith. So that should

the movement in favor of cremation ever gain control of the governments of the world the Church could conform without any contradiction or lapse in Faith.

Why cannot a Catholic person have a Mass offered for a deceased non-Catholic?

In reply we give the law of the Church in regard to the matter, and its application to the case.

I. The Code says: 1) Canon 809: It is permissible to apply the Holy Sacrifice for anyone,—for the living as well as for the dead who are expiating their sins in the fire of Purgatory. 2) Canon 2262. n. 2.—Priests may apply the Sacrifice for an excommunicated person privately and in a way that will preclude scandal; but if the person be "excommunicated and to be avoided", it can be applied only for his conversion.

II. Explanations.—1) "To apply privately", means a) The intention for which the Mass is offered is not announced publicly, except in a general way,—e. g., "Mass for a special intention," or, "for a deceased person". b) the special oration for deceased members of the Church, which forms part of the Mass, could hardly be said for a non-Catholic.

2) "In a way to preclude scandal", means, so as to leave no one under a false impression as to the deceased person's standing in regard to the Church.

3) Non-Catholics who are members of any Protestant or Schismatic denomination are reckoned according to the external judgment of the Church, among the excommunicate. The same ruling applies practically to unbelievers.

III. Reply.—Hence, as you see,

1) There is nothing to prevent a Catholic from having the Holy Sacrifice offered for a deceased non-Catholic. 2) The application of it should be made privately, as explained. The Pastor is judge of what is necessary in this matter to preclude scandal.—3) The Mass may be a High Mass or a Low Mass.

Some Good Books

The Dominican Lay Brother. By Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O. P., S. T. M. Published by Bureau of the Holy Name, Lexington Avenue and Sixtieth Street, New York.

It was a happy thought that influenced Father O'Daniel to write this book portraying the life of the Dominican lay brother. Other religious orders would do well in following his example. Too many otherwise well-instructed Catholics have merely the haziest ideas about the religious life and would feel entirely at a loss if suddenly asked to give some account of it. And yet the life of the Church depends to a great extent upon the vitality of its religious orders.

Besides, by placing such books in our parish libraries within the reach of Catholic young men, we may awaken in many noble hearts the desire to consecrate themselves more intimately to the service of God in the religious life.

We give the titles of some of the chapters: *The Dominican Lay Brother and Religious Perfection. Dominican Lay Brothers in the United States. Novitiate and Daily Life. The Frontispiece of the book shows a group of Dominican Lay Brothers.*

The Word of God. By Msgr. F. Borgonini Duca, S. T. D. Translated by Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston, Mass. Published by the MacMillan Company, New York. Price \$2.00.

The Reverend author of this book found time amidst his many labors as Secretary of the Sacred Penitentiary Tribunal, Professor of Dogmatic Theology, and Spiritual Director of the Vatican Seminary, to write a series of short meditations on the Sunday Gospels. They were first edited in weekly pamphlets published in Rome in 1919-1920. The fact that one hundred and twenty thousand copies of this series have been published offers abundant testimony to their popularity and we must therefore thank the Reverend

translator for having made them available to English speaking Catholics.

The plan of the book is uniform. The Gospel read in the Mass comes first, then a short meditation, and finally the lesson or instruction drawn from the text. Priests will find many helpful suggestions for their Sunday sermons. It will likewise prove a valuable addition to the home library, especially when circumstances render attendance at Sunday Mass impossible. The translator has performed his task well. Witness the following from the first Sunday of Advent:

"As the warrior at dawn awakes from sleep, puts on his armour and is anxious to try his strength, so in the dawn of this Christmas season, every soldier of Christ should take up the arms of light and struggle against the powers of darkness. The first rays of morning are already glowing in the eastern sky. Let no one slumber in slothful tepidity, for the graces inspiring to a Christian life are entering into the souls of all!"

Catholic Home Annual for 1922. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price 35 cents.

For the 39th time Benziger's Annual comes to bring cheer to the Catholic home. It is replete with interesting and instructive matter on almost every phase of Catholic life, richly interspersed with beautiful pictures that will appeal to mind and heart. Lovers of good stories will find it a delight and deem the money well invested.

Manna Almanac for 1922. Published by the Society of the Divine Savior, St. Nazienz, Wisconsin. Price 25 cents.

A fit companion to the Catholic Home Annual. The latter will appeal more to the grown-ups, the Manna Almanac to the young folks and children, though grown-ups will enjoy it. It contains 96 pages brimful of interest—stories—Illustrated verses for the little ones—lives of the saints—a specially written article on the American Missions—and many beautiful pictures.

Lucid Intervals

Two ladies had been to the opera at a local theater, and going home in the car they were discussing the evening's amusement.

"I think 'La Boheme' just splendid," said the lady in the big hat, as she handed the conductor her fare.

"Do you?" asked her friend in the purple velvet, with a superior smile. "Well, I just dote on 'Carmen'."

The conductor blushed all over his plain face as he said:

"Well, ma'am, but I'm sorry. I'm a married man, but you might try Bill, the motorman; he's single."

A New York man was recently acting as guide through an art gallery for a friend from the country. As they paused before a statuette, the guide said:

"This is Psyche. Executed in terra cotta."

"What a pity!" said the rural one. "How barbarous they are in those South American countries!"

A western evangelist makes a practice of painting religious lines on rocks and fences along public highways. One ran: "What will you do when you die?"

Came an advertising man and painted under it:

"Use Delta Oil. Good for burns."

Matty—What is it that has two eyes and can't see, four legs and can't walk but can kick as high as the Woolworth building in New York?

Pop—I don't know; what is it?

Matty—Why a dead mule. Ha! Ha!

Pop—But a dead mule can't kick.

Matty—No, and neither can the Woolworth building.

Pop—Oh, Matty!

Victim—What did you say this meat was?

Waiter—Spring lamb.

Victim—I believe you. I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour.

The physician was giving an informal talk on physiology.

"Also," he remarked, "it has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" exclaimed the girl in the blue and white sweater. "And how much sulphur is there then in a girl's body?"

"Oh, the amount varies," said the doctor, smiling, "according to the girl."

"Ah," returned the girl. "And is that why some of us make better matches than others?"

"I treated a man once who was so cross-eyed the tears ran down his back," said the Old Doctor.

"What did you treat him for?" asked the Medical Grad.

"Bacteria," said the Old Doctor, with a grin.

Lady candidate for parliament—I am now ready to answer any questions.

Lady voter—Where did you get that ripping hat?

"I don't think," said the hopeful playwright to the manager, who had handed him back his manuscript after a hasty fluttering of the leaves; "I don't think you should treat my play so casually. Why, sir, 'that play cost me a year's hard labor!' " "So?" responded the manager. "Well, you were lucky, young man! A really just judge would have given you ten years, at the least!"

A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy piece with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall! I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now!"

Redemptorist Scholarships

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